

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVII

SEPTEMBER, 1938

No. 3

THE HEART OF THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE

THE light of a new day was just breaking over the Sea of Galilee. A little group of fishermen were seen washing their nets after a night of toil. Intent upon their task, they did not notice a stranger who came along the shore, walking in silent meditation. Suddenly the man stopped and with a call of salutation attracted the attention of the fishermen. Then He said, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Two of the fishermen were greatly impressed. Could it be possible, thought they, that here was one who could deliver them from their dull drudgery of life? Long had they desired a higher task, a better reward. Then in a moment of surging faith and hope they "straightway left their nets, and followed Him."

Again that same day two other fishermen responded to the blessed invitation of Jesus. What a mighty change then came over the lives of Peter and Andrew, James and John! Little knowing whom they were following, these poor fishermen cast aside their livelihood, forsook their village, and went out trusting that this stranger would be able to bring to their lives that higher fellowship for which they longed.

Here were four ignorant men whose horizon was only the enclosing shores of a fair-sized lake. To them every day meant fish, and simply fish. Then came this day when a stranger broke into their little circle of life, and said, "Follow Me." But with what astonishing results! No men, with the exception of Christ Himself, have influenced the world more than two of the little company who followed Jesus that day.

For the lives of Peter and John have given millions hope.

This simple but potent phrase, "Follow Me," seems to be the very heart of Christ's message to a lost world. He used the expression on many occasions. At each response a new life was born. Horizons were widened. Narrow provincialism was lifted to universal love, and selfish interest was changed to Christlike service for the needy.

What meaning and hope there is in these words for a world lost in perplexing problems!

Imagine for a moment a man lost in a dense forest. As he seeks a way of escape, but cannot find it, he becomes more and more bewildered. His efforts become as fantastic as they are fruitless. At the point of exhaustion and desperation, a mysterious guide suddenly appears before him, and he hears a calm voice saying, "Follow me." At once hope is renewed and deliverance is at hand.

How quickly the problems that baffle the world would fade into nothingness if men would simply obey these words of the Master! Take any problem, if you will, and test it by this formula, "Follow Me." World peace, economic security, social inequality, capital and labor, religious indifference, crime. Think of it! every world problem—yes, and every personal one—would be solved if men had the desire and the faith to follow Christ in word and truth.

How simple the formula for curing the world's ills—"Follow Me!" And how futile are all our efforts apart from Him!

But what does Christ mean when He invites us to follow Him? First, He means sacrifice. We must come to Christ with empty hands, so that He can fill them with precious gifts. Then in place

Publication Office
134 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Monthly, except August
50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Bessie Dickerson Ducey, Editor
159 Grandview Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be
sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office
at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of
postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

of sordid self-seeking we find joyous fellowship. We cast aside the husks of life that the sweet kernel of truth may be revealed.

We speak of sacrifice as something that hurts and scars. But what matters the pain of the surgeon's knife when cancerous tissue is being removed? Let us not dwell too long on the sacrifice that is demanded when we follow Christ. In days to come it will be looked upon as a mere incident in an ever-expanding and more abundant life.

Next, Christ means service. He once declared, "I am among you as he that serveth." We do not at once follow our Lord to the kingdom of glory. We must be fashioned and perfected before entering into the presence of God. Our characters are transformed as we follow Christ in unselfish living. We go with Him into the market place, there to speak to the poor and needy. Into the homes of the lowly and the rich we follow Him, lending a hand to help the suffering, speaking a word to comfort the dying.

We follow Him through city, town, and country lane, wherever life sets us down, ever submissive to the will of our heavenly Father, ever attentive to the needs of others. In a life of service for the Master we find our best reward.

Thus we see that Christ calls us to follow Him, first in sacrifice, and then in service.

Every step we take in following Christ is a step to a higher level of life. Called from self-seeking, we step up to Christ's level of unselfish ministry. From this

level of life it is but a step to glorious fellowship with Christ in a world made new.

This is what Christ means when He calls, "Follow Me!" And while all may not at first be apparent, as you follow Him new vistas of hope and glory will open before you. An abundant life of usefulness and satisfaction will be yours.

—FREDERICK LEE.

IT WILL SHOW IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell
How you live every day;
You need not reveal
If you work or you play;
For a trusty barometer's
Always in place—
However you live
It will show in your face.

The truth or deceit
You would hide in your heart,
They will not stay inside
When once given a start;
Sinews and blood are like
Thin veils of lace—
What you wear in your heart
You must wear on your face.

If you've battled and won
In the great game of life,
If you've striven and conquered
Through sorrow and strife;
If you've played the game fair
But reached only first base
No need to proclaim it—
It shows in your face.

If your life is unselfish, and
For others you live—
For not what you get,
But how much you can give;
If you live close to God
In His infinite grace—
You don't have to tell it;
It shows in your face.
—CLAUDE FRANCIS CROSS.

Self-control is more often called for
than self-expression.

—William Wistar Comfort.

QUIET MOMENTS WITH THE PSALMIST

Psalm 23—*The Lord My Shepherd*

THIS little cameo picture of God's love is so well known as to need little comment. It is the "most popular of sacred lyrics." Its lyric freshness is at once the delight of childhood and the consolation of old age.

First there is the familiar image of the Good Shepherd and His flock. How sincerely David employed that figure! I fancy I hear him in his old age musing over his boyhood experiences with the sheep on Bethlehem's hills, and suddenly exclaiming, "Why, it's just like that! 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'"

The figure is expanded in a succession of details. There are "pastures of tender grass"; there are "waters of quietness"—the waters of God's grace. All this means restoration of the weary soul.

But there is more than restoration—there is comfort. The path of righteousness may lead even through the dark valley of the shadow of death; yet the Good Shepherd takes away all fear and abides with His sheep to the end. He uses crook and staff to guard the flock or to drive off their enemies. True, you may not always see His presence, but the rod and the staff, emblems of His presence and of His office, are there to give you confidence that He will never leave you nor forsake you.

And now, with a change of imagery, the thought is enlarged. Not only is there restoration and comfort—there is superabundant supply. The Good Shepherd provides a feast even in the presence of the enemies of the flock, and there is festive anointing with oil. The cup in the hand of God's child is not merely full—it actually runs over.

Moving toward his triumphant conclusion, David asserts his conviction that this constant goodness, this ceaseless mercy of God's grace, shall follow him as a "stream of goodness . . . through the desert of life" (the suggestion is Dr.

Moulton's), and he "will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Did we say that the Good Shepherd abides with His sheep to the end of the pathway? Aye, and more: He keeps leading on until His wandering sheep come safely to their eternal home. And "there shall they lie down in a good fold"—forever at home in the presence of God—these sheep of His pasture.

—CHARLES E. WENIGER in
Signs of the Times.

"GRATITUDE"

By EDGAR GUEST

Be grateful for the kindly friends that
walk along your way;
Be grateful for the skies of blue that
smile from day to day;
Be grateful for the health you own, the
work you find to do,
For round about you there are men less
fortunate than you.

Be grateful for the growing trees, the
roses, soon to bloom,
The tenderness of kindly hearts that
shared your days of gloom;
Be grateful for the morning dew, the
grass beneath your feet,
The soft caresses of your babes and all
their laughter sweet.

Acquire the grateful habit, learn to see
how blest you are,
How much there is to gladden life, how
little life to mar!
And what if rain shall fall today and
you with grief are sad;
Be grateful that you can recall the joys
that you have had.

In Tokyo one hundred Buddhist priests say prayers for the souls of more than 50,000 pets buried at the Saishinji Temple in what is believed to be the world's largest animal cemetery. Among souls prayed for are those of goldfish, singing crickets, monkeys, rabbits and, of course, cats and dogs. Covered with cherry-blossoms on his direct instructions was the grave of Mary, one of Emperor Hirohito's pet cats.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*

56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information: name (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); address; age (if under eighteen, give names of your parents); name and address of your minister; names and ages of your children who are under eighteen years of age; tell what you are interested in.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

APPEALS

THESE Appeals should not be answered a second time and persons making such appeals should not be taken as *regular correspondents*.

1. "My house got burned down and I have ten children from fifteen years down to six months old. I didn't know what to do or say, but surely hope this card will help me some. I should be glad to receive anything." So writes Mrs. Dela Thomas, Charleston, Tenn.

2. Mrs. A. C. Griffin, Route 1, Box 168, Wadesboro, N. C., writes: "I should like to get some reading and magazine articles. I don't get out very much, and anything you can send along this line will give us a different evening entertainment."

3. Mrs. Myrtle Greer, Apple Grove, N. C., says: "It would mean so much to me if some dear sister will remember me with bits of thread and sewing material, as my family are busy in their crops and I get so blue and lonely trying to pass the lonely hours; and but little can I do as I am not able to do any outdoor work."

4. Mrs. Maggie McAlister, Route 1, Decatur, Tenn., has two little girls and two little boys. She would like some magazines and story books for them to read; and she would like some quilt

pieces, embroidery work and thread for her own use.

5. Mrs. W. A. Harris, Reform, Ala., writes: "I am sixty-three years old and live with my married son on a farm. It is very lonely as the whole family works in the field, leaving me at the house all day alone. I would like very much to receive quilt pieces. I would like school crayons and pencils and paper for my four grandchildren, and I would like to receive the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*."

6. From Rugby, Va., Mrs. Lee F. Richardson writes: "I saw in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* where it said that all shut-ins desiring silk quilt scraps and yarn for knitting should write to you. It surely would be a great cheer to me to receive a package, and it would be greatly appreciated."

7. Mrs. Mamie Poe of Clifton, N. C., would like to be remembered with quilt scraps and bits of thread. She has not been in very good health for six years.

8. Mrs. Royce Greer, Route 1, Whitetop, Va., would like quilt scraps for herself and books and pencils for her four girls, aged eight, seven, six and four.

9. Mrs. Sammie Shelton, Route 5, Stuart, Va., aged eighteen, likes to sew. Her husband is a farmer and is at work most of the time. She says that some

quilt pieces and embroidery thread would be nice and much appreciated.

10. Mrs. Alma Newcomb, South Brewer, Me., writes: "I have long been a shut-in member of *Cheerful Letter*. I am not able to walk and most of my friends have passed on. As I have found much interest in stamp collecting I should you like to hear from other collectors. I should like to say to shut-ins, try to get out all you can on the ground if possible, as the sunshine helps a lot and is free."

11. Miss Lizzie Rusling, Polkton, N. C., writes: "I am twenty-one years old. I would be glad of any kind of reading as I had to stop school when I was in the fifth grade. I have four younger brothers and sisters to look after since Mother died."

12. Mrs. Oscar Watts, Rock Springs, Ark., aged thirty-six years, has seven children from three to seventeen years old and her husband is not able to work. She would be glad to get some quilt pieces, something to make rugs, and some books.

13. Mrs. John Sheets, Brandon, N. C., would be so glad to have pieces of cotton, lace, ribbon, sewing thread, sugar bags, salt bags. She would also enjoy some good Bible reading.

14. Mrs. Walter Miller, Apple Grove, N. C., doesn't get out much. Her two little boys, four and six years old, would be pleased to get some books. She would like pieces for quilts, stamped pieces, embroidery thread or wool.

15. Mrs. Morris Thomas, Polkton, N. C., is an old member. She is not well, she lives far from church, and she gets lonesome. She would be glad to have some quilt pieces.

16. Mrs. Gideon Farmer, Route 1, Box 86, Rugby, Va., writes: "I have three boys, six, four and two years old. We live in the mountains and can't get out very much. My husband works all time and is gone almost every day, and we get very lonesome. I should appreciate some quilt pieces, embroidery, picture books or anything to amuse the children."

CORRESPONDENTS

Regular correspondents may be adopted after consultation with Miss Ethel H. Studley, Chairman, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. This regulation is necessary to avoid duplication in arranging for regular correspondents.

1. Mrs. Phoebe Gallion, c/o R. H. Welch, Dayton, Tenn., would like a correspondent. She is twenty-three years old, has a little girl five years old and a baby seven months old, and lives about eight miles from the nearest town.

2. Mrs. Carrie Tilley, aged forty-five, lives with her husband and five children on a rented farm in Philadelphia, Tenn. She would like to write to someone.

3. Mrs. R. E. Dixon, Jefferson, N. C., says her husband works very hard but has been sick; they live on a farm; they have eight children, four of whom go to school. She would like a correspondent.

4. Mrs. Clara Jones of Copeland, Ark., writes: "I am a widow forty-two years old and have five children. I made up my mind to write the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange to see if I could correspond with someone. We live away back in the back woods far from church and school. It gets rather lonesome at times."

5. Mrs. Emma Greer, Grayson, N. C., wants a correspondent. The youngest of her seven children is three years old; one is married; she herself has not been very well for five years.

6. Mrs. Hannah Brooks, Dayton, Tenn., Route 2, Box 28, wants to correspond with someone. She is twenty-eight years old. She and her husband and five children live in a small country neighborhood three miles from town.

7. "I am a young married woman and we live with my husband's mother. We have one little girl two years old. I would like to correspond with someone for I do get so lonely." Mrs. Wilkie Preslar, Peachland, N. C., Route 1, Box 207.

8. "I am a young wife twenty-one years old and have one boy a year and a half old. My husband is away from home quite a bit of the time and I would like to correspond with some of the

Cheerful Letter workers as I get very lonesome. We live fourteen miles from town and very seldom go." Mrs. Mildred Page, Crabtree, Ark., Star Route.

9. "As I'm lonely so much of the time and have not much to do, I would like very well if any of you ladies would correspond with me. I've only been married about two years. I have a little girl one year old." Mrs. Earl Eugene Jones, Rupert, Ark.

10. Mrs. Esther Eller of Clifton, N. C., writes: "I would like to become a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange as I am alone so much. I often look forward to going to the mail box with the horse, that I might hear from someone."

11. Mrs. Z. T. Stone, Ridgeway, Va., Route 2, would enjoy a correspondent. Her only son finishes high school this year. She is forty-six years old and attends church every Sunday.

12. Mrs. Lula Knight, Pleasant View, Va., a widow sixty-five years old, has three grown-up sons and two grandsons. But only one boy is with her now, and he has to be away at work most of the time and she is left alone. She has a few kind neighbors, but cannot get out much. She would like a correspondent.

13. "I am eighteen years old. When my husband has work, he has to work away from home. I get very lonely at times as we live in an out-of-the-way place. I would love to have a correspondent to write to. I promise to try to write interesting letters if she is a nature lover, as I live in a pretty wild place." Mrs. Jesse L. Eades, Crabtree, Ark.

14. "I live away back in the mountains of Arkansas, and there is no church nor any kind of entertainment for young folks. I made up my mind to write the Cheerful Letter Exchange and see if I could correspond with someone. I am twenty-two years old and have a little boy fifteen months old. I wish the Exchange much joy and cheer." Mrs. Etta Jones, Rupert, Ark.

15. Mrs. Gussie Martin, Route 1, Englewood, Tenn., the mother of four children, would like a regular correspondent. She is twenty-nine years old,

and her children are one, three, seven and nine years old.

16. Mrs. Gilbert Thomas of Polkton, N. C., a farmer's wife, would be so glad to have a correspondent. She has a daughter eleven years old and a son five years old.

17. This is from Miss Stella Owen, Rugby, Va.: "I live so far from school, I can't go, and would like to finish at home. I have completed the seventh grade. I would like to be a bookkeeper or stenographer. I have read lots of books by different authors. I sure do enjoy reading and I don't shun studying, especially arithmetic. I should like to correspond with some teacher."

18. "Please let me have a regular correspondent, as the days are so long and I am so far from town and am so nervous since Mother died. About the only place we go is to church." So writes Mrs. P. J. Moore of Sandy Ridge, N. C. She has two boys and two girls, from seven to fourteen years old.

19. Mrs. Lennie McAllister would like to correspond with someone regularly. She is twenty-nine years old, has six children, goes to the Baptist Church once a month, and has had her children out of school as she couldn't get any work to do. Her address is Charleston, Tenn.

20. Mrs. Eliza Kennedy, Route 1, Athens, Tenn., would like a regular correspondent. She is fifty-two years old, has eight children, three of whom are at home; she lives about ten miles from the post office and three miles from church, which she cannot attend very regularly. She is fond of reading.

A story told in "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith," that the writer says was liked by General Booth, is worth thinking about. In discussing religion with the former head of the Salvation Army, she said to him, "I cannot argue on theology. I feel like the child who was flying his kite on a misty day, when they said 'Do you enjoy flying your kite when you cannot see it?' The child said, 'I always feel it tugging at me.'"

PHIL, THE INVENTOR

HERE is an amazing fact of modern life, one that just doesn't seem possible—namely, that electrically scanned television, the kind of television that seems destined to reach your home soon, was largely given to the world by a 19-year-old farm boy, working almost without money or equipment. Think what he was up against: eminent scientists the world over, great corporations with million-dollar research laboratories, university staffs with latest equipment. If television becomes a reality in American homes by Christmas of 1937 (as is widely predicted) it will be due largely to the pioneer work of this young man, Philo T. Farnsworth, today barely turned 30.

The governments of England and Germany are officially testing his invention, and when television is brought out commercially in the land of its birth, the United States, it is virtually certain to be concentrated in two major systems, that of the Radio Corporation of America, and Farnsworth's. Both are based on the principle of scanning an image—that is, translating light impulses into electrical impulses—by means of fast-flying electrons. It is this principle, so he claims, which Farnsworth was the first to give a practical laboratory demonstration.

Farnsworth early showed the mechanical bent that was to carry him to greatness, at the age of 12 assuming office as chief engineer of his father's Idaho farm. It had all sorts of mechanical equipment, including a home electric-lighting system, power hoists to lift hay into the barn, and other intricate hoisting devices. He added to these by converting a washing machine from hand to electric power, actually winding an armature—an extremely intricate task as any electrician will tell you—in order to construct an electric motor.

Think of this boy, living 50 miles from a railroad and seeing a train no more than twice a year, yet so keenly observant that he could take one good look at a

locomotive and then go home and make a scale model of it. He did the same thing with an automobile and an airplane. Lacking an adequate library, he bought a 10-volume popular encyclopedia of electricity and paid for it at the rate of \$1 a month for 10 months. To attend high school he rode four miles on horseback, to be admitted—even while a gangling freshman—to the senior course in chemistry.

Ensued then two years of intense study from which he turned aside long enough to invent a thiefproof magnetic auto lock and win a \$25 prize offered by an electrical magazine. He needed the money to buy his first suit of long pants and thus make himself presentable at a high-school dance.

When he was only halfway through high school the family moved to Provo, Utah, where Philo took special extension courses so vigorously that by mid-year he was admitted to Brigham Young University. There he tried out every piece of apparatus he could lay his hands on until, at 18, he had worked out the basic concept of a system of television, virtually as it stands today.

His theory was so far in advance of current practice that few people understood it and no one would advance him money. After two years of struggle, during which his father died and he had to help support the family, Philo was forced to take a job in Salt Lake City. He worked for George Everson, director of fund-raising campaigns for communities and social organizations. Everson heard of the television plan and though he had no background of technology, was smart enough to recognize genius. He took Farnsworth along on his next job in San Francisco and supplied funds for his experiments.

Finally came the great day in 1926 when Farnsworth, now 19, described his theories and showed his models and blueprints to two experts. One was a patent attorney, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a scientist in his own right. The other was a national authority on electrophysics. At the end of

four hours of explanation by Farnsworth, the patent attorney exclaimed: "It's monstrous—the daring of that boy's intellect." The other expert said: "The boy's theories are not only scientifically sound, they are startlingly original and staggering in their implications."

They agreed that Farnsworth should apply for patents. Upon these patents his organization today bases its claim to control of electronic television. For in 1926 all the major workers in television were using mechanical whirling discs to scan the image. It was Farnsworth's contention, now generally accepted, that in order to transmit a satisfactory image the speeds required of the whirling disc would be so great as to lie beyond mechanical possibility, and only flying electrons, moving with the speed of light, could do it.

To build a laboratory model of this system Farnsworth had to invent his own tools as he went along. He had to learn such intricate subjects and skills as electrochemistry, metallurgy, optics, photography and glass blowing. The cathode-ray tube on which was received the first successful electronic television image in the history of the world was made, according to Mr. Farnsworth, with his own hands—and 20-year-old hands at that.

George Everson's major task was to find financial backers, men who would support an unknown kid against the massed technical and financial resources of the great electrical corporations, and advance lots of good hard money with no assets in view. After months of patient working he succeeded, and Farnsworth was able to continue. For ten long years, first in a laboratory in San Francisco and after 1930 in Philadelphia, he labored on.

The big companies, such as R.C.A., had the situation pretty well sewed up and ignored Farnsworth. Finding himself blocked in this country, Farnsworth sailed for Europe in 1934, seeking recognition. He got it, too. The huge Goerz-Bosch-Fernseh interests in Germany, allied with the German government, and

the Baird interests in England, allied with the British government, signed up with the "unknown" American.

Aside from Farnsworth, the other chief factor in the television field is, of course, the Radio Corporation of America. From one or the other, or both, television seems destined to reach the American home. Indications are that the image will be approximately eight by ten inches in size, the picture will be pretty clear, and a home receiving set, capable of picking up signals from either system, will cost about \$200 or \$300.

Television by no means represents the whole of Farnsworth's achievements. Investigating possible uses of electronics in medicine, he worked with University of Pennsylvania biologists in developing a process for sterilizing milk by passing radio waves through it. He has invented a fog-penetrating beam to aid pilots of ships and airplanes. His finest inventions are virtually incomprehensible to the layman—tubes, processes and pieces of apparatus in the upper realms of electrophysics—but they have given him a unique standing as one of the really great minds in modern science.

—T. R. CARSKADON in *Collier's*.

HELEN KELLER AND OLD AGE

Quite one of the most famous women in the world is Helen Keller so it is not surprising a Joplin High School girl, Miss Eileen Scott, was thrilled recently to get a signed letter from her in answer to a question as to how she hoped to approach old age. The question had been asked after the class in Cicero, under Miss Bess Buckeridge, had become interested in the subject from reading the great Roman's famous essay on old age. Miss Keller wrote:—
Dear Eileen Scott:

You are the first person who has asked me pointblank how I intend to approach old age. I cannot help smiling—I who have these many years declared that there is no age in the spirit! Age seems to me only another physical handicap, and it excites no dread in me, I have

lived so long and triumphantly with limitations.

Once I had a dear friend of 80 who impressed upon me the fact that he enjoyed life more than he had done at the age of 25. "Never count how many years you have, as the French say," he would insist, "but how many interests you have. Do not stale your days by taking for granted the people about you or the things which make up your environment, and you will abide in a realm of fadeless beauty."

Then and there I resolved, vestal-like, to cherish an inextinguishable flame of youth. I have tried to avoid ruts—doing things just because my ancestors did them before me—leaning on the crutches of vicarious opinion—losing my childhood sense of wonderment. I am glad to say I still have a vivid curiosity about the world I live in.

Age, I suppose, like blindness, is an individual experience. Everybody discovers its roseate mountain peaks or its gloomy depths according to his or her temperament. It is as natural for me, certainly, to believe that the richest harvest of happiness comes with age as that true sight and hearing are within, not without. Confidently I climb the broad stairway that love and faith have built to heights where I shall "attain to a boundless reach of sky."

Hoping that you and the Cicero class will also start to keep your life garden beautiful forever, I am, with cordial greetings,

Sincerely yours,

HELEN KELLER.

It is reasonable to believe the happy recipient of this beautiful letter will not be able fully to appreciate its wisdom and its gallant philosophy for many years yet. For that matter, not many people of middle age and past will get all there is in it at first reading. Read it again and again and you will begin to understand it for what it is—an eloquent expression of a philosophy of life evolved by a brave, courageous spirit out of a crucible of handicap and suffering.

—*The Joplin Globe.*

OUT OF THE SKY

By EDNA H. HOWE

A butterfly came dancing down
Out of the sky to me.
Just like a piece of sky himself,
As blue as he could be!

He never touched the ground at all,
But tiptoed on a breeze,
Bowing politely to the flowers
And nodding to the trees.

And after staying for an hour
He flitted a good-by,
And like a wishing thought was gone,
Dancing to the sky.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

IN HIS OWN DOORYARD

HE had traveled half a thousand miles to look up a job. He was weary of his "peanut stand" business, and to the great metropolis he had gone to find a job that was a job.

"Yes," said the man, "I have a job for you. But you are overlooking the job in your own dooryard. The vision you have of a job here has just as many drawbacks in it as you see in your own little business. Your own little business offers possibilities far beyond anything that this greatest city in the land can offer. It can be developed into a business that will bring you more money and more power than this city can offer you."

With that the man outlined briefly the steps that could be made to develop the little peanut stand into many peanut stands, big and little. "Why, in ten years," he said, "you can have a chance to buy and sell me and all I own; you can come to our city as often as you like; have a part-time residence here if you like. "Yes," he concluded, "I have a job for you—if you want it."

The visitor paused a moment. He had come five hundred miles for this offer. There it was—his key to the big city, and the end of his peanut stand.

"No," he announced; "I do not want it; I'll dig the gold in my own dooryard."

—*Contact.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CHRIST OF THE ANDES

IF you should take your geographies and turn to the map of South America, you will find on the lower end two countries, Chile and Argentina. Chile is a long, pencil-shaped country on the Pacific Ocean side of the Continent, and is usually painted yellow. Argentina is not so long but fatter and more triangular. It is usually painted brown. Between these two great countries you will see a thin, black line which marks the boundary. The real boundary, however, is a range of mountains called the Andes.

For a great many years the people of these two countries could not agree as to just where the boundary lay in these mountains. Chile claimed some of the land which belonged to Argentina, and Argentina claimed some of the land which belonged to Chile. Many battles were fought between these two groups of people in an attempt to solve the problem but the difficulties were not solved. Men were killed and homes were left without husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers. The dispute about the boundary continued.

After many years of fighting the leaders of these two countries began to think more seriously of their problem.

"We have been fighting over this boundary for years and have gained nothing," they said. "Let us do away with war and try a peaceful method. We must find a judge to help us."

Just about this time England was having a new king. It was in 1902 and Edward VII was reigning. He was the grandfather of George VI, the present king of England, and the father of George V, who died a few years ago. So the people of Chile and Argentina turned to the British king and said,

"We have been fighting for many years over our boundary and we cannot settle the problem. Will you act as a judge and help us to find a solution to our difficulties."

The king was very much pleased to be

able to help these troubled people of South America. He called in his advisers and said to them,

"Across the ocean there is a boundary dispute between Chile and Argentina. These two countries have been at war for many years, and nothing has been settled. They have asked us to help them by acting as judges."

Of course the king's advisers were pleased also to be of service to these two countries. The king, his advisers, and some of the leaders of Chile and Argentina sat down at a large table and spread out a map. They drew lines along the places which each country had claimed as a boundary. Then, after much thinking and talking, the king took his pencil and drew a deep black line almost in the center between the other two lines.

"We will compromise," he said. "Each country will take half of the disputed territory."

The leaders of the countries, Chile and Argentina, agreed to accept the verdict of the king. They went back to their countries and told their people of the new boundary.

"How foolish we have been," they said to each other. "We have been trying to settle our problems by means of war, and all that was accomplished was killing of men and breaking up of homes. Then we used a peaceful method to solve our difficulties and we have been successful."

The people of Chile and Argentina are Christians just as we are. They realized that Jesus taught us to try to solve all our problems by peaceful methods. They wanted the children and grandchildren always to use the same method. So they sent some stonemasons to the top of one of the high mountains. These men carved from a rock a great statue of Jesus which they placed on the boundary.

Since that statue was erected more than thirty-five years ago, there have been no boundary disputes between these two countries. Instead of using war to solve their problems, they try to live

according to the principles which Jesus taught. The people of Chile can look up to the mountains and see that great statue. At the same time the people of Argentina can look up on their side of the mountains and see the same statue. From the high peak of the mountains there looks down over both of the countries the "Christ of the Andes."

—REV. DOUGLAS PERCY BRAYTON.

ONLY A MONGREL

WALTER BAILEY, with his dog, Pal, beside him, sat on the shore of the creek that ran past the back yard of his home. Now and then he threw some twigs into the water and watched their course down the stream. They seemed to chase each other, like ships, he thought, but never quiet came together.

Pal trotted down the bank and perked up an ear inquiringly as he gazed at the floating branches with interest. Walter picked up a stick a foot long, tossed it into the water with a splash and called to Pal, "Go get it." The dog was on the alert at once and searched his master's face to be sure of his meaning.

"Go get it," Walter repeated, pointing an enlightening finger at the bit of wood drifting with the current.

Pal understood and darted off, plunging into the stream without hesitation. He was a good swimmer, keeping his head well above water as he paddled after the floating stick. Soon he had it in his mouth and scrambled up the bank, when he laid the prize at the boy's feet.

"Good Pal, good old scout," praised Walter, taking the wet dog in his arms and patting his head proudly. "Want to do it again?" he asked presently, looking about him. "Here's a good one. Now go get it," he directed.

The exploit was repeated several times when Walter declared Pal must be tired and hungry.

"You deserve a treat so we'll go to the house and see what we can find," he promised.

As they were about to start, Guy and Clarence Clark came scampering into the

yard with a strange dog led by a chain.

"Where did you get him? Is he yours?" Walter asked curiously.

"Yes, he's ours," answered Guy, "and he's a present from Uncle James."

"He's a good-looking dog," conceded Walter generously.

"I think he's handsome," declared Clarence.

"Yes, he is," admitted Walter, "but he's no handsomer than Pal."

"Ho!" scoffed Guy. "Pal is only a mongrel, and this dog is a Scotch collie. We call him Scotty and he knows his name already. It doesn't take a good dog like him long to learn anything."

"Pal isn't so slow either," asserted Walter loyally. "Of course you like Scotty because he's yours, but I wouldn't trade for anything."

Guy and Clarence trotted on after their new treasure and Walter proceeded toward the house.

"I don't care if you are a mongrel, Pal," he confided. "I love your black coat and silky ears and you have the prettiest face of any dog I know, even a Scotch collie. I know where I can find a bone for you."

The next day Walter and Pal were playing ball when Guy appeared with Scotty trotting by his side. In each hand he carried a beautifully painted boat.

"Let's go over to the pond and sail these, shall we?" he invited.

"Oh, I'd like to go," exclaimed Walter. "Wait till I ask Mother." He dashed into the house and was back in a moment. "Yes, Mother says I can go if I'll keep out of the water," he informed Guy.

"I can't go in the water, either. Mother says it's too deep," responded Guy.

Away the boys went, their dogs trotting along like two chums behind them. The pond was a place where the creek widened and deepened and was a fine place to sail a boat. The boys were enjoying themselves hugely when suddenly the heavy cord which Guy held, slipped out of his hand and was out of reach in a second.

"Oh, I've dropped the rope and my boat will be lost!" he cried. "Do you sup-

pose we could draw it in with a pole?"

"I don't see any long enough, do you?" replied Walter. "I believe Pal can bring it in." Hastily pulling in the boat he was towing, he called to his dog.

"Here, Pal, go get it," Walter coaxed. Pal's glance leaped from Walter's face, along his pointing finger and out on the water. Only a moment he hesitated to be sure of his master's meaning, then down he sprang into the water, heading straight for the runaway boat.

Reaching it, he tried to grasp it in his teeth and after failing, he started to return without it.

"Get, Pal; go get it," urged Walter.

Pal cast an appraising look at the awkward burden he was asked to carry, then spying the dangling rope, he seized it in his teeth with a good grip and started toward the shore. Gravely, he paddled with a sure, steady stroke, never losing his hold on the rope once till he

landed safely on the bank, and the boat was safe.

Walter handed the small cable over to Guy and gave his dog such a welcome that he wriggled so frantically with joy he almost rattled. Guy, too, praised the hero and hugged him adoringly while Scotty sat on the hill eyeing the scene solemnly.

"I'll never call you a mongrel again," Guy murmured remorsefully. "You're a prince of a dog, Pal. A perfect prince!"

By ROSE E. PARMELE

—*Courtesy of The Beacon.*

Frugal

"What are the prices of the seats, mister?"

"Front seats one shilling, back seats sixpence, and program a penny."

"I'll sit on a program, please."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.

MRS. H. LEWIS STONE, *Secretary*, 159 Union Street, Randolph, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 11 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine, also letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Neal D. Randall, *Chairman*, 12 Stearns Street, Westwood, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.